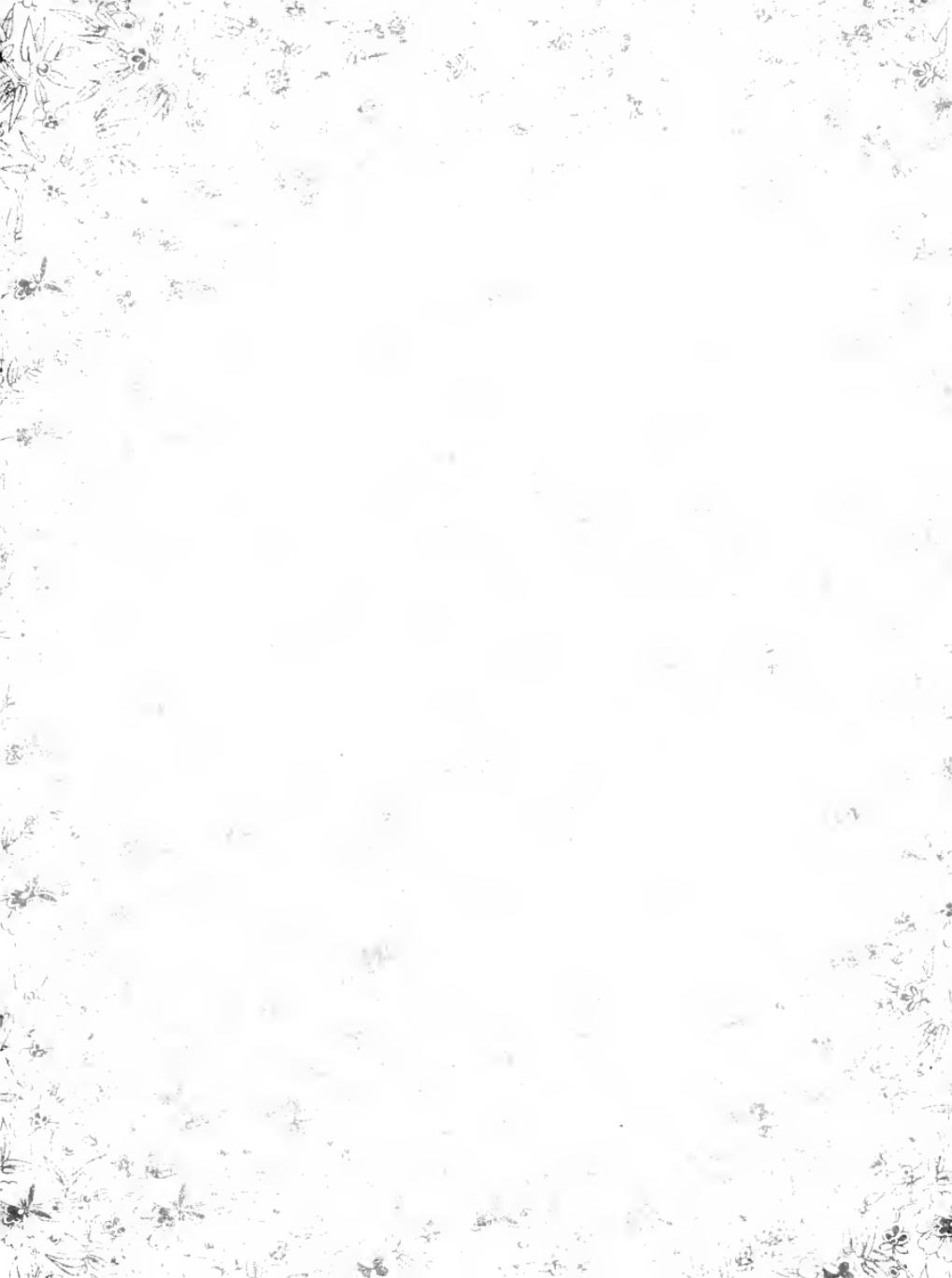


SONGS
of the
DAWN





Blair. 293.

Edwin Stewart Murray

889

SONGS of the DAWN

Selections from
POEMS OF
HORATIUS BONAR,
CHARLOTTE MURRAY,
and others

LONDON JAMES E HAWKINS 17 PATERNOSTER ROW & 36 BAKER ST
NEW YORK E P DUTTON & CO 31 WEST 23rd ST



A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while" of mingled joy and
sorrow,

"A little while" to love and serve below,
To wait the dawning of that bright to-
morrow,

When morn shall break upon our night
of woe.

"A little while" for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere we behold His beauty face to face;
A little while for healing soul diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

"A little while" to spread the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His
own;

"A little while," ere we behold the glory,
To gather jewels for His heavenly crown.

"A little while!" and we shall dwell for ever
Within our bright, our everlasting home;
Where time, or space, or death no more can
sever

Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can never
come.



The Night Soon Over.

THE night shall soon be over,
The morning soon shall dawn;
The twilight and the darkness
Alike shall soon be gone.
Soon, soon shall come the day-spring,
When we from earth shall rise,
To bright celestial glories,
Far, far beyond the skies.

There joy in all its fulness,
And pleasures evermore,
Shall fill the heart with raptures
That ne'er were known before.
For we shall see our Jesus,
The dearest object there,
The Chief among ten thousand,
The altogether fair.

We'll turn from all the glory
Of that thrice-blessed place,
And drawing near to Jesus,
Shall gaze upon His face.
Yes, yes, 'tis Jesus only
Can satisfy the heart;
Not e'en the brightest glory
Can lasting joy impart.



The Looked-for Day.

COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day:
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay!

Come, for Creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

Come, for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most Mighty Son of God!

Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign,
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the Kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

H. Bonar.



BEYOND.

B EYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come."

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the soothing and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strawing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Hearts fainting now, and now high beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

H. Bonar.



THE MORNING OF JOY.

O H, bright will be the waking--
The resurrection dawn !
The day will soon be breaking,
And Christ, His kingdom taking,
Will usher in the morn.

Oh, sweet the rays we borrow
Beforehand from the Light !
A few bright hours of sorrow,
"Joy cometh on the morrow :"
"Far spent is now the night."

Oh, short the time remaining
For pilgrim-service here ;
Then, then, no more restraining,
No more a thought of paining,
The heart that holds us dear,

Oh, fair anticipation !
Oh, bliss beyond alloy !
Oh, perfected salvation,
When, Lord, Thy revelation
O'erfills our cup of joy !



JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

CHISTIAN, the night of weeping
Will soon be overpast,

And we in Jesus' blest embrace
Will find ourselves at last.

And now, with comforts many,
We wend our way along,
Learning to lighten present griefs
With notes of Zion's song.

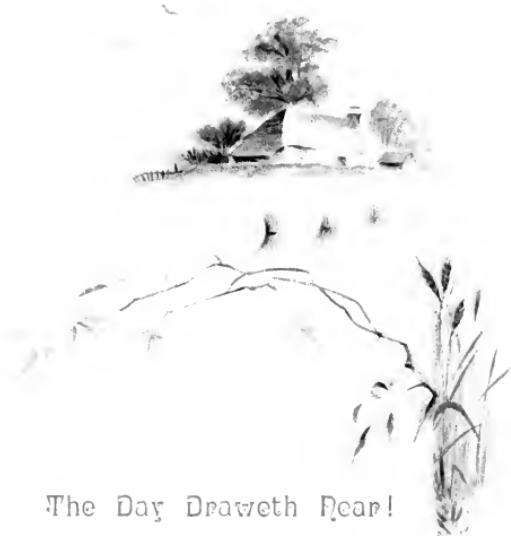
Christian, the morning cometh!

Oh, do we watch its break,
Letting each streak of light come in,
Our souls from sleep to wake!

Christian, the morning cometh!

And thou, a child of day,
Shall see it shine without a cloud,
And never pass away.

A. M. Hull.



The Day Draweth Near!

IT draweth near!
That day,—of days the day,—
For which the Bridegroom waits,
For which the virgins pray;
For which earth sighs, and hastens
To greet it on its way;
Asking, as on it comes,
Why this so long delay?
It draweth near at last!
Who shall its advent stay?

It hastens to rise!
That sun,—of suns the sun,—
Whose rising is the pledge
Of evil all undone,
Of darkness at an end,
And heavenly day begun;
The war of ages o'er,
And the last battle won.
It hasteth to arise,
Its glorious race to run.

It swelleth forth!
That song—of songs the song—
Creation's melody,
From harps till now unstrung.
The new, sweet matin hymn,
As yet on earth unsung,
Poured in rich bursts of praise
From every heart and tongue;
The anthem of the world
Redeemed from woe and wrong.

He comes in power!
The King—of kings the King—
All righteousness and peace
In His right hand to bring;
Into the last abyss
Each rebel crown to fling;
Time's ages of misrule
To end; that now may spring
Order, and law, and light
Beneath His holy wing.

H. Bonar.



“I WILL COME AGAIN,
AND RECEIVE YOU UNTO
MYSELF.”

—*—

LORD Jesus, we are yearning
Thine own blest face to see;
And in Thy glorious presence
For evermore to be,
To rest with Thee, dear Saviour,
Throughout long years to come;
And leave Thee, never, never,
O'er earth again to roam.

All long has been this waiting,
And sad has been our lot;
Weary the midnight vigil,
But still Thou comest not.
Why is it, Lord, Thou tarriest?
Wherefore this long delay?
Oh, hasten Thy returning,
To bear us hence away!

Far from this vale of shadows,
The gloom of earth's dark night,
Into the radiant glory
Of heaven's home so bright,
Where we shall dwell for ever
In perfect, perfect rest,
And know no separation
From Him who loves us best.

The face to face with Jesus,
Knowing as we are known;
Amidst the jewels numbered
Which He has called His own—
We'll learn in all its fulness
His vast eternal love;
And share His endless glory,
Made one with Him above.

W. A. G.



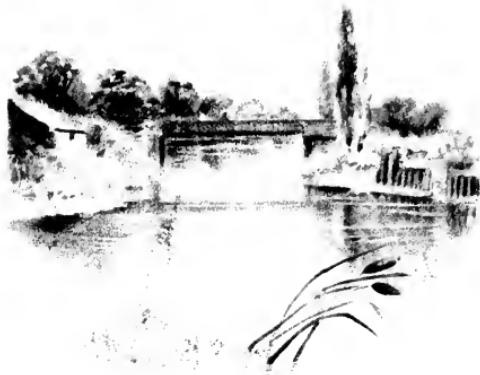
THE DAWN.



LIGHT of the better morning, shine down
on me!
Sun of the brighter heaven, bid darkness
flee!
Thy warmth impart to this dull heart :
Pour in Thy light, and let this night
Be turned to day by Thy mild ray !
Lord Jesus, come ! Thou day-star, shine !
Enlighten now this soul of mine !

Streaks of the better dawning, break on my
sight,
Fringing with silver edges these clouds of
night ;
Gems on morn's brow, glow, brightly glow,
Foretelling soon the ascending noon,
Wakening this earth to second birth,
When He shall come to earth again,
Who comes to judge, Who comes to reign.

H. Bonar.



The world has no attractions left for one
Whose heart is raised with Thee, Lord, to
the throne;
A stranger here, nor wills aught else to be,
Counting it gain to suffer now with Thee.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK.

CANTICLES VIII. 14



UNTIL the day break, and the shadows
flee.
My heart is longing—longing, Lord, for Thee;
Why tarriest Thou? Why lingerest on the
way?
Come, blessed Saviour, turn this night to day!

Sometimes, when Thou dost let a little gleam
From out the glory shine as in a dream
Upon my soul, it well-nigh bursts its bound,
And springs to find its place where Thou art
found.

But yet “a little while” Thou bidst me stay,
And since Thou dost illumine all the way
With such sweet fellowship and love divine,
I will not at the waiting-time repine.

R. H. Taylor.



"TILL HE COME."

"Yet a little while, and He that shall come
will come, and will not tarry."
HEB. x. 37.



ONLY a few more burdens must we carry,
In heat and toil, beneath the scorching sun;
Only a little longer must we tarry,
Only a little longer, "till He come."

Only a little longer, thinking gladly
Of the uprising of the brighter sun;
Only a little longer, waiting sadly
In the fast falling twilight "till He come."

Only a little more of life's long journey
Through the world's desert till the day is done;
Only a few more desert scenes of conflict,
Only a few more Marahs, "till He come."

Only a few more billows, wildly tossing,
Beating us backward from the longed-for shore;
Only a few more snares our pathway crossing,
Then all the trials of the way 'll be o'er.

So let our eyes be on Him in His absence,
Seeking to serve Him in this day of grace,
While the thought cheers us in our constant sadness,
Soon He will come, and meet us face to face.

A. S. Ormsby.



WAITING FOR THEE.

WAITING for Thee, Lord Jesus,
Until the night be gone;
Swift as the dark hour passes,
Hastens the morning on.
Watching for Thee, Lord Jesus,
List'ning Thy step to hear,
Over the waste of waters,
Still ever drawing near.

While in the lonely watches
We look, dear Lord, for Thee,
In all earth's gathered riches
What beauty can we see?
Our eyes have seen the glory,
Our hearts have heard the voice
That drew them up for ever,
In undivided choice!

Though all around us gather
Shades of the coming night,
We are not of the darkness,
But children of the light.
Heirs of Thy kingdom-glory,
Can we be desolate
While for the rising day-star
In earnest hope we wait?

Keep us in patience watching—
Give us by faith to see,
That Thou for us art waiting,
E'en while we wait for Thee?
Waiting Thy joy and triumph,
Thy kingdom, till we come,
In Thine unveiled glory
With Thee, dear Lord, at home!

A. E. W.



THE GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME.

THE glory shines before me !
I cannot linger here !
Though clouds may darken o'er me,
My Father's house is near.
If through this barren wilderness
A little while I roam,
The glory shines before me,—
I am not far from home !

The Lamb is there the glory !
The Lamb is there the light !
Affliction's grasp but tore me
From phantoms of the night.
The voice of Jesus calleth me,
My race will soon be run ;
The glory shines before me,
The prize will soon be won !



THE HOUR OF BRIGHTNESS!

WE wait, O blessed Jesus!
For yet a brighter hour,
Though clouds of sorrow linger,
And Satan wields his power.

Hope anchors on the promise;
God's word can never fail;
The Truth shall surely triumph;
The Light shall yet prevail!

Night must give place to morning;
The Sun of suns shall rise,
And flood this world with radiance
Too pure for sinful eyes.

And when the Royal Bridegroom
Comes forth to claim His Bride,
And on the clouds of heaven
In majesty doth ride,

Then shall Thy waiting children
Adore earth's rightful King!
Angels shall swell the anthem,
While woods and mountains sing!



THE MORNING COMETH.

“**T**HE morning cometh!” Soul-inspiring message!
Sent forth in love from heaven’s far-distant height,
To kindle hope in men grown faint and weary,
Those anxious watchers through the cold dark night.

They need the hope : for long o’er earth hath rested
That awful darkness, murky with its sin,
Whilst cries most pitiful have sadly echoed :
“ When will God’s sunlight once again come in ? ”

“ Faint gleams we see, and then the clouds but deepen,
The shadows gather darkly as before ;
When will the everlasting doors be open,
And Jesus be our Light for evermore ? ”

Peace, peace, sad hearts ! The morning surely cometh,
The hours fly fast, the dawn is very near :
Perchance before ye think, those doors will open,
And Christ the King of Glory will appear.

Yet listen : men who wait, these words hear also :
That morning of God’s everlasting light
Will bring to some a darkness deep and awful,
A heart-despairing, agonising night.

Then, whilst ye wait and watch, be working also,
Give warning of that darkness drawing nigh ;
Oh, tell of Him whose beams are life-creating,
That Sun who shineth yet in Mercy’s sky !

Charlotte Murray.



NO SHADOWS
YONDER.

—*—

NO shadows yonder—
All light and song—
Each day I wonder,
And say, how long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder,—
All fled away!
While here, I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder,—
Time and space never
Again shall sunder,—
Hearts cannot sever,—
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp for ever.

None wanting yonder,—
Bought by the Lamb.
All gathered under
The ever-green palm,
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

H. Bonar.





I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

O H! Thou art fair, Lord Jesus!
Fairer than all beside!
Fairer than Earth's bright sunshine,
Or Ocean's glittering tide!
Fair in Thy shadeless glory!
Fair in Thy changeless love!
Fair in Redemption's story!
Fair on Thy Throne above!

But oh! to my soul Thou'rt fairest
As I muse on the bridal morn,
When the home that Thou preparedst
Thy blood-bought shall adorn.
Then, glad she'll rise to greet Thee
Thine own, Thy chosen bride;
Then, then shall mine eyes behold Thee,
And "I shall be satisfied!"



AT HOME WITH JESUS.

AT home with Jesus! He who went
before
For His own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longings filled, its conflicts
o'er,

All rest and blessedness with Jesus there,—
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here kindred hearts are severed far and wide
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares and paths divide—
But yet a joyful gathering shall be;
The broken links repaired, the lost restored—
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

O precious promise, mercifully given,
Well may it soothe the wail of earthly woe;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light and hope of resurrection throw!
Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord!"



Very soon Christ's earnest workers
Will be called to lasting rest;
Shall we be among the number?
Shall we lean upon His breast?
Very soon, too, pain and sorrow
For His tried ones shall be o'er;
And life's hidden depths be fathomed
On the farther happy shore.

VERY SOON.



'**V**ERY soon' comes gently wafted
To this earth, on Spirit wings,
As a watchword from the Master
To incite to holier things.
For the days and months and years
Very soon shall pass away,
And each moment brings us nearer
Unto God's eternal day.

'Very soon!' Oh word of comfort
And of counsel year by year!
'Very soon!' Oh solemn warning!
May the unawakened hear!
For the Bridegroom cometh quickly
To take Home His ransomed Bride:
Who will *then* go forth to meet Him?
Who will *then* be on His side?

Charlotte Murray.



THY PRESENCE.



O H, what shall we feel in Thy presence, when first
The visions of glory upon us shall burst;
Since now our soul longeth and seeketh for Thee,
Oh when, blessed Jesus, Thy face shall we see ?

O Thou who this world as a lone pilgrim trod,
Thy Father our Father, Thy God is our God ;
To Thee we behold the bright seraphim bow,
Lord Jesus, what glory doth rest on Thee now !

We see Thee, Lord Jesus, with great glory crowned,
And waiting Thy coming, in peace would be found ;
The visions of glory have turned all to dross—
For Thee give us grace to count all things but loss.

E. Grimley.



THE WATCHERS.

THROUGH the slow-rolling hours of the desolate night,
There are watchers still watching to see
The star of the morning discover its light,
What a moment its dawning will be.

'Tis Jesus their Saviour who is coming ere dawn,
From the darkness to catch them away :
To their eyes He'll appear as the herald of morn,
The golden forerunner of day.



He is Faithful that Promised.

HE is faithful that promised ! His word standeth sure,
His counsels of peace shall for ever endure ;
All that He has spoken He'll surely fulfil,
Since His love is eternal, and strong His "I will."

We hear His sweet voice, "I will come again."
This promise we know is "Yea and Amen."
So we look for the dawn of that blessed day,
When to share His bright glory He'll call us away.



“ Surely
I Come
Quickly.”

NIGHT is giving place to morning,
Soon no cloud will hide the skies ;
But the morn, in all its splendour,
To our longing eyes shall rise.
One short hour more of watching,
And will be dispersed the gloom.
One short hour—should we murmur ?
He will come !

Then farewell to earthly sorrows,
Then farewell to earthly fears ;
There will be no grief in heaven,
“ God Himself ” will dry our tears.
Then to rest, calm rest for ever,
In our everlasting home.
Oh, 'tis but a little moment !
He will come !

Then no more of bitter partings,
Such as often hearts have riven ;
There will be no broken circle
In our happy home in heaven ;
With the Saviour and our loved ones,
Never more on earth to roam.
Oh, the morning's dawning quickly !
He will come !

A. F. Purdon.



THE GLORIOUS CITY.



NOT the light that leaves us darker,
Not the gleams that come and go,
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose fruit is woe,
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day,
But the everlasting beauty
And the endless melody :
 Heir of Glory
 That shall be for thee and me.

City of the pearl-bright portal,
 City of the jasper wall,
City of the golden pavement,
 Seat of endless festival,
City of Jehovah, Salem
 City of eternity,
To Thy bridal-hall of gladness
 From this prison would I flee :
 Heir of Glory
 That shall be for thee and me.

Yes, I need thee, heavenly city,
 My low spirit to upbear ;
Yes, I need thee ; earth's enchantments
 So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see Thee, then these fetters
 Break asunder—I am free !
Then this pomp no longer chains me,
 Faith has won the victory :
 Heir of Glory
 That shall be for thee and me.

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
 No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
 We shall be within thy walls ;
There beside yon crystal river,
 There beneath life's wondrous tree,
There with nought to cloud or sever,
 Ever with the Lamb to be :
 Heir of Glory
 That shall be for thee and me.

H. Bonar.

UNTIL.

—*—

UNTIL the morning breaketh,
Until the shadows flee,
Until the earth awaketh,
Her absent King to see,

I'll get me to the mountain,
To commune with my Lord;
I'll drink the living fountain,
And feed upon His Word.

I'll sit with Jesus yonder
Upon His throne of light,
And on His grace I'll ponder
With rapturous delight.

I'll never cease to enter
Within the courts above,
And from that mighty centre
Go forth to tell of love,—

Of love that never faileth,
Of grace that's always free,
Of might which now prevaleth,
Of Jesus' victory!

Thus, in my Saviour's presence
Abiding day by day,
I'll labour in His vineyard
Till shadows flee away.

•





ALL SHALL BE WELL.

At last all shall be well with those He sevn,
Whom God from sin and Satan has made free,
At last shall come the year of jubilee,
The time of rest when all frosty fears are flown,

At last the soldier shall receive his crown,
Brought from the field home to his father-land,
For ever in a peaceful fit to stand
His foes all vanquished, and his arms laid down.

At last shall come the day of judgment,
When we lay our burden down and say no more,
When God stands by us, and we carry his cross,
And the whole world is at peace with the Lord

At last the weary soul finds rest, the weary heart, the weary fit,
Trust to the Good, thy Saviour and thy friend,
Who chargeth not but loves unto the end,—
So be it, Lord, "go on is Thy holy will."

C. A. Bernstein.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

Saint after Saint on earth,
Has lived, and loved, and died,
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.



The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

H. Bonar.



SOON, AND FOR EVER.



SOON, and for ever! such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust;
Soon, and for ever, our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever.

Soon, and for ever! the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds of sorrow away;
Soon, and for ever, we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have been.
When fightings without us, and fears from within
Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin;
Where tears, and where fears, and where death shall
be never,
Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever.

Soon, and for ever! the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
Soon, and for ever, the soldier lay down
His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When--blessed reward of each faithful endeavour!
Christians with Christ shall be soon, and for ever.





THE ETERNAL HOME.

THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hastening,
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.



A MORNING WITHOUT CLOUDS.

— — — — —
No cloud shall dim the grandeur of that morning,
No mist the Sun of Righteousness shall hide:
All earth shall share the splendour of that dawning,
And in its brightness will be glorified.

Then we who now are waiting, watching, hoping,
For glowing skies to herald the day:
Who weary feel, amid the shadows groping:
Shall find with joy that they have fled away!

What a grand triumph song of holy gladness
Will rise to greet earth's long expected King,
From hearts that nevermore shall throb with sadness;
Oh, what a heaven will that morning bring!

Charlotte Murray.



THE night is well-nigh spent, my soul,
The night is well-nigh spent;
And soon above our heads shall shine
A glorious firmament:
A sky all glad and pure and bright--
The Lamb, once slain, its perfect light;
A Star without a cloud,
Whose light no mists enshroud,
Descending never!

H. Bonar.







